

SEWING MACHINES.
\$15 - SAVED - \$15
THE NEW
WILSON
SHUTTLE
SEWING MACHINES
PRICE, FIFTY DOLLARS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON THE "Wilson" during the year 1871 have placed it at the head of all competitors, and to-day it is without a rival. It is as durable as steel and iron, and runs as fast as the machine of the late CASE-HARRINGTON. It is warranted five years, and a warranted furnished with each machine.

The above cut represents the late improved Machine, which rests flat with the table and runs light and rapidly, and makes the shuttle or lock stitch, and a straight needle, and the celebrated UNDER-SEW improved in shape so as to have a portion of the feed on both sides of the needle.

Remember the Fact, that high prices (on sewing machines) do not indicate superiority. The combination of the fine, and the monopoly, all agree on the prices, which they, sooner or later, will be forced to reduce on account of the unprecedented rapid and increasing sales of the NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

Please call and examine even if you do not wish to purchase.

A full stock of Machine Twist Spool Cotton, Oil, Needles, etc., always on hand and for sale low.

BEACH & SOUTHERLAND,
353 Main Street, South of Union,
64-2-11

MEMPHIS
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
WINTER '71-'72.

LOTTERY OFFICE.
J. E. FRANGE—40% North Court St. Post-office box 117.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.
ORRILL BROS. & CO.—Wholesale Importers and Jobbers, 310 and 312 Front, corner Monroe street.

DENTISTRY.
DR. HINSON—Dentist, Office and residence, No. 233 Main street, Clay building.

MASON AND PLASTERER.
H. HEMPHILL—265 Second street. All kinds of job work promptly attended to.

CHAIN PUMPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Also, hardware, etc. J. W. KINNEY, 248 Second street, opposite postoffice.

WAGONS.
MILBURN, WALKER & CO.—Farm, plantation and spring wagons, wheelbarrows, etc., 37 Union street.

PORTABLE GAS-LIGHT CHANDELIERS, ETC.
A. HITZFIELD & SON—Coal oil, kerosene, oil lamps, etc., 221 Second street.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.
LEIDY & CO.—Leathers of Fashion, 279 Main street, opposite Court Square.

REPAIRING—Hats, Caps, Furs, etc.
Ladies' furs altered, cleaned and repaired.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.
J. B. NILES—Wholesale drugist, 231 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

W. N. WILKINSON & CO.—Wholesale Drugists, 24 N. Main street.

J. A. J. SMITH & CO.—Wholesale and retail drug store, 225 Main street.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES.
U. F. GAVANAGH & CO.—Wholesale Importers, 355 Main street.

WALL PAPER—WINDOW SHADES.
GRISHAM & SANDER—Curtains, and all kinds of Upholstering goods, 224 Second street.

E. M. DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co., 351 and 353 Main street.

A. F. DAVIS, 261 Second street—Particular attention given to calculating walls in any color.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.
JOHN LILLY—Carriages, farm and spring wagons, 63 Union street.

BOARDING, SALE, LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
M. G. COSTELLO—City Sale Stables, 61 Monroe street. Over 600 head of stock sold at this stable in the past season.

W. G. BRIDGES & CO., proprietors; D. D. Dismukes, sole agent and manager—79, 81, 83 and 85 Monroe street. Stock bought and sold on commission.

W. H. BROOKS—Stock yard and sale stables, 445 Main street. All classes of stock fed and sold.

J. R. & G. GULLERS—43 South side Court Square and 44 Madison street. Livery, harness and carriage repair.

SELOMAN & HALL—Desoto Stables, 35 Union street.

J. B. FAIR & CO.—Dealers in mules, horses, etc., 311 and 313 Second street.

LIFE INSURANCE.
WM. RUFFIN—General Agent Missouri Valley Life Insurance Co., 4 West Court st.

W. W. WHITE, Trench Solicitor, Formerly Clerk, Of Baltimore.

WORKMAN HOUSE—White & Selley, proprietors; corner of Union and Second streets. Board, \$2 per day.

MELGOS HOUSE—Dr. R. M. Boatman, proprietor; Hopefield, Ark.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.
BINGHAM & GRAY—237, 235 and 243 Main street, corner Jefferson.

SEEDSMEN.
H. J. WARD, Bismarck, Wis., Agricultural Implement Dealer, 235 Second street.

O. T. SCHWILL & CO.—Agricultural implements, bone dust, and plaster, etc., 177 Main street.

PIANOS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
LEOPOLD JOSEPH—355 Main street. Piano tuners, and all kinds musical instruments repaired.

SEWING MACHINES.
WILCOX & GIBBS—Improved No. 1 Sewing Machine, 355 Main street.

HAYMON & BELL, 43 Main street. Sewing machines, 43 Main street.

GROVER & BAKER, 43 Main street. Sewing machines, 43 Main street.

FINE GARDENS, ETC.
VICTOR D. FUCHS—Depot, 4 Jefferson st.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.
H. T. SINKOFF, 242 Second street. All kinds of second-hand furniture bought and sold.

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.
COLE & CO.—Removed to 332 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painting material.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.
M. LUNN—Removed to 235 Second street, Jefferson block.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PRINTING.
BOYLE & CHAPMAN—275 Main street.

JAPANESE AND FANCY GOODS.
ELLIOTT & RIDGELY—Berlin sash, wools and embroidery materials, 219 Main street.

GENERAL RAILROAD OFFICES.
MEMPHIS CENTRAL R. R.—Ticket office 235 Jefferson street.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.—Ticket office 235 Jefferson street.

JEWELLERS.
E. L. MICHOT—Practical watchmaker and optician, 375 1/2 Main street.

THE JET PALACE—J. Henschel & Co. Jet and fancy jewelry, 325 Main, between Union and Monroe streets.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
L. ROSENBERG—Wholesale and dealer in custom-made and Eastern boots and shoes, 206 Main street.

LEATHER AND BINDING.
L. ROSENBERG—206 Main street.

SALOONS.
WATSON'S—14 Jefferson street. Choice wines, liquors, cigars, etc. Fine old stock on hand.

CHICKERING PIANOS ARE THE BEST—WERE AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZES AT LATE MEMPHIS FAIR—GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

PUBLIC LEDGER.
By E. WHITMORE.
LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.
Fifteen Cents Per Week
NO. 134

MEMPHIS, TENN.: SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Apache Chief Cochise and His Father—The Golden Mountain and the Sacred Legend—Masonry Among the Apaches.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

In the fall of 1870, while sitting on the porch of the hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a party of twelve horsemen approached. Their horses were jaded and gaunt as from a long and difficult journey. The riders were dressed in buckskin overalls, cavalry pants, heavy boots and large Mexican spurs. Dismounting at the hotel, the Apaches and men were cared for. A tall, slim, hickory-iron sort of a man, who seemed to be leader, made arrangements aside with the landlord. After supper, falling into conversation with the leader of the party, I learned in the course of the evening that they were a party of prospectors sent out to the mountains in the northern part of New Mexico and Arizona, in the interest of a company of St. Louis capitalists. The captain, as he proved to be, and so I shall hereafter call him, was an educated man, and a member of the company, and went on this perilous and tedious expedition to satisfy a roving and restless disposition. They had gone beyond their intended limit at starting, and had penetrated into the edge of the Apache country. They had numerous fights with the Indians, but being all old Indian fighters, had brought all their number back, though not without some ugly scars. At one time they were nearly taken prisoner by a midnight surprise and double their number of Apaches. They were held prisoners two days, and marched toward the Apache chief town, where they were to form the subject of a grand feast. But the second night, they escaped by a stratagem, taking with them the leader of the Apache band, whom they afterwards released on certain conditions. This leader is the blood-thirsty Apache Chief, the chief who murders women, children and the old.

The whole party, before their escape, understanding something of their captor's language, unknown to them, learned from a word left here and there, that the Indians had knowledge of some very rich mines, which the specimens they had with them amply showed; but from the desultory character of the remarks could not learn the location of the treasure, and it was to this fact that the chief owed his life. This chief they spared when making their escape, at which time they sent the rest of the band to their long homes. They promised the chief that if he would show them the "golden mountain" and tell them the "sacred legend" of his fathers, which seemed to be in some way associated with the golden mountain. To this he finally assented, as the price of his life and liberty.

The riches of the golden mountain are greater than the stars in the sky, and the riches of the savages had led them to believe; but it is located in the heart of the Apache country, and utterly inaccessible till the Apaches are subdued. The guarding of this golden mountain, the keeping of the whites out of gold fields of absolutely incalculable wealth, hoarded and piled up in the mountains of Arizona, is the first and greatest cause of the implacable hostility of the Apaches, even greater than the second cause—revenge. This chief showed them this wealth, guarded by the whole Apache nation, of which Captain—

is prepared to take possession with mills and mining apparatus, as soon as the Apaches are subdued and the chief gave them his legend, and they, as men of honor, even to a captive savage, set him free.

"And the legend," says the captain, "it being late, I'll give you in the morning."

In the morning the captain and I walked apart to the outskirts of the town, to a grassy knoll, and sitting there, he related to me the following strange, weird story:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a trading caravan, saw a single clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparal and disappear from the view of the horsemen. The cavaliers fired a few shots at or toward him, and a half dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but to no avail. The cavaliers then directed toward where the Apache lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him to a horse, and at once took flight. They traveled toward the Apache chief town by a circuitous and concealed route, and reached it after six days' travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but, finding that his captors were not to be immediately, he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him secretly bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him until a grand feast day, some months ahead, and then put him through the paupers and end his life in a grand carnival. He for some time was as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off, he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language, and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him, and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his stead, and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and from their very enemies themselves, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the whites, and by the secrets of this great society he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind and of every plan of attack on them, as soon as the plan is known to the chief of the enemy themselves. And, when captured, they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of the society among the enemy. The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught this maiden to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated, and on certain days, the 24th of June, and some others, they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night. They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th day of June.

The great white chief told them, he was "moons" (months) on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken at Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara, in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 19th, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven via Buffalo, N. Y., to Hennepin, Ill., on the Illinois river, and thence taken in a flatboat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians, and where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son, Cochise.

Oxen Waltz.
Mozart was sitting one morning in his bed when his wife entered to inform him that the butcher was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest pieces (the immortal Cirmenza di Tito), was arranging in his fantasia his most beautiful composition, neither saw nor heard his wife. She, a lovely, kind soul of practical views, who had shortly before married the young artist, stood waiting for a while. Finally seizing him by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. All was in vain. The butcher ascended the stairs. Mozart indignantly considered that something had passed, had continued forming the effusions of his fantasia on paper, when the heavy footsteps resounding in the hall, his walking cane was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet he held he came against the door, which succeeded but for a moment. But the delightful fantasia meanwhile had been poured on the paper. It was saved. The cane dropped from his hand and he fell back exhausted. The door opened and his wife and the butcher entered. All unconscious of anything he lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror-stricken at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband, she bathed his forehead and embraced him. Mozart at last opened his eyes. "Never mind," said the butcher, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart, "you make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come."

"A waltz?" cried the lively and gifted Mozart. "Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured tradesman. "Not one hundred ducats you shall have for such a waltz, but I want it with trumpets and horns and fiddles—and soon, too." In one hour the unrivalled "Oxen Waltz" was written.

England is startled at the discovery that there are not nearly enough horses in Great Britain and Ireland to mount the existing cavalry regiments of the British army.

As an Indianapolis undertaker was taking the measure of a deceased lady, he was interrupted by emphatically adverse criticisms from the corpse.

A reflective New Orleans reporter described a new breed as "a splendid, though sad vehicle."

A large ball of flowers is now substituted at weddings for the traditional "marriage bell."

PHYSICIAN.
MRS. C. A. GIBBS
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of Memphis that she is permanently located in this city and is prepared to treat diseases of all kinds (chronic cases preferred). Cancers, Tumors, Deafness, Crooked Limbs, Paralysis, and all Chronic diseases, with her

Great Magnetic Power.
She has no difficulty in removing many diseases that are pronounced incurable by any means known to the regular medical profession. Mrs. G. has been actively engaged in an extensive practice for the last ten years, and has treated with great success the numerous diseases incident to this climate.

Mrs. Gibbs will give Special Attention to all diseases pertaining to her own sex.
Office—No. 12 Gayoso Block, Main st. 115-119

NOTICE.
Important to Merchants, Plasterers, Commission and Produce Men.
City Inspector's Office, January 21, 1872.

REMOVAL.
THE OFFICE OF THE WESTERN METHODIST has been moved from 22 Jefferson street to 275 Main street, upstairs, in the rooms formerly occupied by G. W. L. Crook. Correspondents and others will take notice, and direct their letters accordingly. We issue now 600 copies. The Methodist is a good medium for advertising.

WALL PAPER.
HOOK & LAGRILL,
—Dealers in—
WALL PAPER
And Window Shades,
332 Second street, Memphis, Tenn.

FORTUNE TELLER.
MADAME ANNE.
THE FORTUNE TELLER CAN BE CONSULTED AT
159 Main (Webster Block), 2d floor. 171

PUBLIC LEDGER.
By E. WHITMORE.
LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.
Fifteen Cents Per Week
NO. 134

MEMPHIS, TENN.: SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Apache Chief Cochise and His Father—The Golden Mountain and the Sacred Legend—Masonry Among the Apaches.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

In the fall of 1870, while sitting on the porch of the hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a party of twelve horsemen approached. Their horses were jaded and gaunt as from a long and difficult journey. The riders were dressed in buckskin overalls, cavalry pants, heavy boots and large Mexican spurs. Dismounting at the hotel, the Apaches and men were cared for. A tall, slim, hickory-iron sort of a man, who seemed to be leader, made arrangements aside with the landlord. After supper, falling into conversation with the leader of the party, I learned in the course of the evening that they were a party of prospectors sent out to the mountains in the northern part of New Mexico and Arizona, in the interest of a company of St. Louis capitalists. The captain, as he proved to be, and so I shall hereafter call him, was an educated man, and a member of the company, and went on this perilous and tedious expedition to satisfy a roving and restless disposition. They had gone beyond their intended limit at starting, and had penetrated into the edge of the Apache country. They had numerous fights with the Indians, but being all old Indian fighters, had brought all their number back, though not without some ugly scars. At one time they were nearly taken prisoner by a midnight surprise and double their number of Apaches. They were held prisoners two days, and marched toward the Apache chief town, where they were to form the subject of a grand feast. But the second night, they escaped by a stratagem, taking with them the leader of the Apache band, whom they afterwards released on certain conditions. This leader is the blood-thirsty Apache Chief, the chief who murders women, children and the old.

The whole party, before their escape, understanding something of their captor's language, unknown to them, learned from a word left here and there, that the Indians had knowledge of some very rich mines, which the specimens they had with them amply showed; but from the desultory character of the remarks could not learn the location of the treasure, and it was to this fact that the chief owed his life. This chief they spared when making their escape, at which time they sent the rest of the band to their long homes. They promised the chief that if he would show them the "golden mountain" and tell them the "sacred legend" of his fathers, which seemed to be in some way associated with the golden mountain. To this he finally assented, as the price of his life and liberty.

The riches of the golden mountain are greater than the stars in the sky, and the riches of the savages had led them to believe; but it is located in the heart of the Apache country, and utterly inaccessible till the Apaches are subdued. The guarding of this golden mountain, the keeping of the whites out of gold fields of absolutely incalculable wealth, hoarded and piled up in the mountains of Arizona, is the first and greatest cause of the implacable hostility of the Apaches, even greater than the second cause—revenge. This chief showed them this wealth, guarded by the whole Apache nation, of which Captain—

is prepared to take possession with mills and mining apparatus, as soon as the Apaches are subdued and the chief gave them his legend, and they, as men of honor, even to a captive savage, set him free.

"And the legend," says the captain, "it being late, I'll give you in the morning."

In the morning the captain and I walked apart to the outskirts of the town, to a grassy knoll, and sitting there, he related to me the following strange, weird story:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a trading caravan, saw a single clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparal and disappear from the view of the horsemen. The cavaliers fired a few shots at or toward him, and a half dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but to no avail. The cavaliers then directed toward where the Apache lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him to a horse, and at once took flight. They traveled toward the Apache chief town by a circuitous and concealed route, and reached it after six days' travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but, finding that his captors were not to be immediately, he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him secretly bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him until a grand feast day, some months ahead, and then put him through the paupers and end his life in a grand carnival. He for some time was as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off, he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language, and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him, and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his stead, and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and from their very enemies themselves, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the whites, and by the secrets of this great society he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind and of every plan of attack on them, as soon as the plan is known to the chief of the enemy themselves. And, when captured, they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of the society among the enemy. The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught this maiden to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated, and on certain days, the 24th of June, and some others, they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night. They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th day of June.

The great white chief told them, he was "moons" (months) on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken at Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara, in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 19th, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven via Buffalo, N. Y., to Hennepin, Ill., on the Illinois river, and thence taken in a flatboat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians, and where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son, Cochise.

Oxen Waltz.
Mozart was sitting one morning in his bed when his wife entered to inform him that the butcher was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest pieces (the immortal Cirmenza di Tito), was arranging in his fantasia his most beautiful composition, neither saw nor heard his wife. She, a lovely, kind soul of practical views, who had shortly before married the young artist, stood waiting for a while. Finally seizing him by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. All was in vain. The butcher ascended the stairs. Mozart indignantly considered that something had passed, had continued forming the effusions of his fantasia on paper, when the heavy footsteps resounding in the hall, his walking cane was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet he held he came against the door, which succeeded but for a moment. But the delightful fantasia meanwhile had been poured on the paper. It was saved. The cane dropped from his hand and he fell back exhausted. The door opened and his wife and the butcher entered. All unconscious of anything he lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror-stricken at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband, she bathed his forehead and embraced him. Mozart at last opened his eyes. "Never mind," said the butcher, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart, "you make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come."

"A waltz?" cried the lively and gifted Mozart. "Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured tradesman. "Not one hundred ducats you shall have for such a waltz, but I want it with trumpets and horns and fiddles—and soon, too." In one hour the unrivalled "Oxen Waltz" was written.

England is startled at the discovery that there are not nearly enough horses in Great Britain and Ireland to mount the existing cavalry regiments of the British army.

As an Indianapolis undertaker was taking the measure of a deceased lady, he was interrupted by emphatically adverse criticisms from the corpse.

A reflective New Orleans reporter described a new breed as "a splendid, though sad vehicle."

A large ball of flowers is now substituted at weddings for the traditional "marriage bell."

PHYSICIAN.
MRS. C. A. GIBBS
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of Memphis that she is permanently located in this city and is prepared to treat diseases of all kinds (chronic cases preferred). Cancers, Tumors, Deafness, Crooked Limbs, Paralysis, and all Chronic diseases, with her

Great Magnetic Power.
She has no difficulty in removing many diseases that are pronounced incurable by any means known to the regular medical profession. Mrs. G. has been actively engaged in an extensive practice for the last ten years, and has treated with great success the numerous diseases incident to this climate.

Mrs. Gibbs will give Special Attention to all diseases pertaining to her own sex.
Office—No. 12 Gayoso Block, Main st. 115-119

NOTICE.
Important to Merchants, Plasterers, Commission and Produce Men.
City Inspector's Office, January 21, 1872.

REMOVAL.
THE OFFICE OF THE WESTERN METHODIST has been moved from 22 Jefferson street to 275 Main street, upstairs, in the rooms formerly occupied by G. W. L. Crook. Correspondents and others will take notice, and direct their letters accordingly. We issue now 600 copies. The Methodist is a good medium for advertising.

WALL PAPER.
HOOK & LAGRILL,
—Dealers in—
WALL PAPER
And Window Shades,
332 Second street, Memphis, Tenn.

FORTUNE TELLER.
MADAME ANNE.
THE FORTUNE TELLER CAN BE CONSULTED AT
159 Main (Webster Block), 2d floor. 171

PUBLIC LEDGER.
By E. WHITMORE.
LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.
Fifteen Cents Per Week
NO. 134

MEMPHIS, TENN.: SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Apache Chief Cochise and His Father—The Golden Mountain and the Sacred Legend—Masonry Among the Apaches.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

In the fall of 1870, while sitting on the porch of the hotel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a party of twelve horsemen approached. Their horses were jaded and gaunt as from a long and difficult journey. The riders were dressed in buckskin overalls, cavalry pants, heavy boots and large Mexican spurs. Dismounting at the hotel, the Apaches and men were cared for. A tall, slim, hickory-iron sort of a man, who seemed to be leader, made arrangements aside with the landlord. After supper, falling into conversation with the leader of the party, I learned in the course of the evening that they were a party of prospectors sent out to the mountains in the northern part of New Mexico and Arizona, in the interest of a company of St. Louis capitalists. The captain, as he proved to be, and so I shall hereafter call him, was an educated man, and a member of the company, and went on this perilous and tedious expedition to satisfy a roving and restless disposition. They had gone beyond their intended limit at starting, and had penetrated into the edge of the Apache country. They had numerous fights with the Indians, but being all old Indian fighters, had brought all their number back, though not without some ugly scars. At one time they were nearly taken prisoner by a midnight surprise and double their number of Apaches. They were held prisoners two days, and marched toward the Apache chief town, where they were to form the subject of a grand feast. But the second night, they escaped by a stratagem, taking with them the leader of the Apache band, whom they afterwards released on certain conditions. This leader is the blood-thirsty Apache Chief, the chief who murders women, children and the old.

The whole party, before their escape, understanding something of their captor's language, unknown to them, learned from a word left here and there, that the Indians had knowledge of some very rich mines, which the specimens they had with them amply showed; but from the desultory character of the remarks could not learn the location of the treasure, and it was to this fact that the chief owed his life. This chief they spared when making their escape, at which time they sent the rest of the band to their long homes. They promised the chief that if he would show them the "golden mountain" and tell them the "sacred legend" of his fathers, which seemed to be in some way associated with the golden mountain. To this he finally assented, as the price of his life and liberty.

The riches of the golden mountain are greater than the stars in the sky, and the riches of the savages had led them to believe; but it is located in the heart of the Apache country, and utterly inaccessible till the Apaches are subdued. The guarding of this golden mountain, the keeping of the whites out of gold fields of absolutely incalculable wealth, hoarded and piled up in the mountains of Arizona, is the first and greatest cause of the implacable hostility of the Apaches, even greater than the second cause—revenge. This chief showed them this wealth, guarded by the whole Apache nation, of which Captain—

is prepared to take possession with mills and mining apparatus, as soon as the Apaches are subdued and the chief gave them his legend, and they, as men of honor, even to a captive savage, set him free.

"And the legend," says the captain, "it being late, I'll give you in the morning."

In the morning the captain and I walked apart to the outskirts of the town, to a grassy knoll, and sitting there, he related to me the following strange, weird story:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a trading caravan, saw a single clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparal and disappear from the view of the horsemen. The cavaliers fired a few shots at or toward him, and a half dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but to no avail. The cavaliers then directed toward where the Apache lay in the bushes, and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him to a horse, and at once took flight. They traveled toward the Apache chief town by a circuitous and concealed route, and reached it after six days' travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but, finding that his captors were not to be immediately, he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape; but they kept him secretly bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him until a grand feast day, some months ahead, and then put him through the paupers and end his life in a grand carnival. He for some time was as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure, and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off, he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language, and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him, and promised him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter, and on the death of the chief became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his stead, and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit, and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and from their very enemies themselves, and by passwords and signs to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept, and still keep one of their educated half-breeds in the camp of the whites, and by the secrets of this great society he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind and of every plan of attack on them, as soon as the plan is known to the chief of the enemy themselves. And, when captured, they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of the society among the enemy. The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught this maiden to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated, and on certain days, the 24th of June, and some others, they walked in procession, and held a grand dance at night. They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain, and his grave is walled and covered with gold, and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th day of June.

The great white chief told them, he was "moons" (months) on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken at Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara, in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country. The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 19th, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven via Buffalo, N. Y., to Hennepin, Ill., on the Illinois river, and thence taken in a flatboat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians, and where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son, Cochise.

Oxen Waltz.
Mozart was sitting one morning in his bed when his wife entered to inform him that the butcher was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest pieces (the immortal Cirmenza di Tito), was arranging in his fantasia his most beautiful composition, neither saw nor heard his wife. She, a lovely, kind soul of practical views, who had shortly before married the young artist, stood waiting for a while. Finally seizing him by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. All was in vain. The butcher ascended the stairs. Mozart indignantly considered that something had passed, had continued forming the effusions of his fantasia on paper, when the heavy footsteps resounding in the hall, his walking cane was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet he held he came against the door, which succeeded but for a moment. But the delightful fantasia meanwhile had been poured on the paper. It was saved. The cane dropped from his hand and he fell back exhausted. The door opened and his wife and the butcher entered. All unconscious of anything he lay